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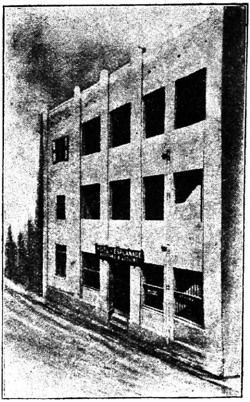

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JANUARY 1939

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Monsalvat

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

IT is generally assumed that our organism can be best developed and kept fit by all kinds of sport. Exercises are very necessary, of course, particularly when they are carried out in pure air. Opinions however do not agree as to the nature of such exercises. Moreover the harmonious development of the nervous system is as important as that of the muscles. Once the nervous system is balanced, and the nerves have regained their normal tension, we can achieve much which muscular development alone could never achieve.

Everyone recognizes that highly specialized sports which only exercise a certain set of muscles, are not the best form of training. We have, first of all, to utilize the prana present in pure air, and to exercise those movements which are natural to the human organism. Such movements allow the nervous fluids to circulate naturally and are the most fitted for the development of body and spirit.

It is a well known fact that a man under nervous excitement can make a greater effort than the trained athlete.

Artificial tension tends to produce artificial thinking. The golden measure can only come from the harmonious equilibrium of the whole organism.

It is deplorable when one thinks of all the marathons of to-day since they are nothing but a needless waste of time. When we see non-stop dancers establishing records of seventy-two hours we begin to wonder who is to benefit from it. There is certainly no beauty in it. If we were to see couples embracing one another for hours we should find it both grotesque and undignified. These modern marathons are nothing more than a caricature of the great classic race instituted by the Greeks. Moreover the Greek runners after the Marathon were accustomed to frequent the Academy where they could listen to the lecture of great scholars and philosophers. In this they were not one-sided.

Others will tell you that violent bodily exertion prevents a healthy development of the nervous system. We know that the Peripatetic school of philosophers in Greece always lectured, while walking, so as to harmonize their spiritual and physical activities.

If we compare the sport of the decadent Roman circus with the classical games of Greece, we shall get some idea of the inferior character of all purely physical contests.

Unfortunately a public execution will draw an immense crowd even to-day. In Germany they have again begun to decapitate women criminals, and, although this takes place in the prison court-yard, yet if such a spectacle were to be transferred to the public square you would find in this 'civilised' age of ours that the amphitheatre would be packed. As a matter of fact the gate money would probably exceed all the sums that go to philanthropic works.

We once heard that certain ladies were vexed because capital punishment by hanging had replaced that of being burnt alive. Such monstrous sentiments are due to an abnormal development of certain instincts, and a great deal of ugliness and brutality is due to narrow one-sided prejudice. Certain muscles have swollen producing, as it were, an ulcer of savagery and sadism which has poisoned both heart and brain.

Against such one-sided physical culture there is the theory that a proper education of the nervous system will do more than all to develop the muscles and put all the organs under our control. We know that it is our thought that sets all the muscles in movement, although there are many who are so thoughtless as not to realize this important fact, which is quite easy to prove.

We often meet with people who give little attention to physical exercise but who are, none the less, quite healthy physically and mentally.

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By aspiring towards the higher life they took a lively interest in existence and this alone helped to keep their organism well balanced.

Value the gift of life. In desiring to live a life of labor and activity you will have acquired an impulse which will do more to keep you healthy than all the remedies, vaccination and massages. Conscious mental massage can pump fresh energy into any weak part. The simplest breathing exercise of pranayama, which consists in inhaling fresh air and sending the prana in it to any weak spot is a practice which you can prove for yourself. Every day one hears of monstrous methods for curing disease or failing health. One will take to narcotics or to alcohol so as to cure insomnia; another, because of certain symptoms begins to smoke or take drugs, oblivious of the fact that he is only increasing his troubles. We often hear about the joy of dedicating one's life to Service but what joy can there be in the use of narcotics, nicotine and alcohol? They will not help us towards the joy of development and ascent but only lead to a shameful retreat into darkness. Doctors are well aware of the harm caused by an addiction to sport, and it is quite common to hear of heart troubles and other ailments caused by over exertion.

Cardiac neurosis and other serious heart diseases are all induced by these excesses.

A specialized athlete is hardly fit for average physical activity. He is like a hothouse plant which can only live in artificial conditions.

The specialized athlete is far more one-sided than the professional man of business, and if one listens to the ideals of sportsmen and prize fighters one very soon begins to doubt about the value of civilization in its present condition.

It would seem that bull fights are beginning to lose their interest, but even this is not certain, since crowds can still be gathered to applaud this cruel sport.

The boy scout movement, however, is quite apart from professional sport, and is one of the most healthful ways of employing our leisure time. The golden measure is a doctrine which has been preached for centuries, but has perhaps been rarely understood.

As we rise steadily in our ascent towards the spiritual heights of Monsalvat we shall find very few sportsmen or prize fighters among the pilgrims. Those who aspire constantly towards these heights are very different in character. Physical prowess is not enough if we are to overcome the hardships and dangers of the way.

The aspirant to Monsalvat has generally the necessary physical and spiritual strength to lead him along the beaten track, and it is not one that is drawn from a desire for prizes. The hearts of all who ascend these heights keep a healthy rhythm and one which does no harm to spiritual growth.

Monsalvat the sanctified is a name known to all languages. Constantly developing let us avoid all that is dead and finite. We are mistaken however if we imagine that bodily achievements are the goal of life and those which deserve the crown.

It has been ordained that the spirit alone shall receive the crown.

Let us remember how the principles of Monsalvat were born, let us not forget how this guiding concept emerged into life.

As we approach it we are aware that its signification goes beyond all our limitations, as every teacher has to repeat.

To those engaged in life's daily routine the heights of Monsalvat may seem remote and inaccessible. Many will save up their possessions saying "They will be needed when I wish to go there." These people are not misers infatuated with earthly possessions, they are falcons who are spreading their wings, and they know that when the time has come to go, they can go.

In the first place they will have overcome the feeling of solitude, that deadly cold feeling which terrifies all those who dwell in ignorance. Lofty expressions are alone suited to the heights, for commonplace words do not naturally gather about lofty concepts. Those who desire to see can behold many things, those who wish to listen can hear voices.

Monsalvat—the sanctified!

Saint Namadeva

By Prof. V. RANGACHARYA, M. A.

ONE of the saints of mediaeval India who stands out even among the best-known of them is Namadeva of Maharashtra. His career is of singular interest to students of religion, because in surveying his triumphs as a servant of God they come across some episodes of perennial interest. The orthodox biographers are particularly sentimental about him; because the story of his exploits is arrestingly unusual in several respects. He was a man of a calibre different from that of the generality of spiritual leaders. He has gone up very high in human estimation ; for he was not a mere servant of God but His companion. God Vithobha of Pandarpur, whose devotee he was, did not look upon him as a devotee aspiring for His grace. He looked on him as part of Himself, as one in fact with whom He liked to behave like a human companion, as one who was the last word in godliness. The *abhangas* of Namadeva are indeed undeniably sweet to those whose religious pulse has not unduly slowed down by exotic institutions like the caste, the ritual, and the blind adherence to idolatry. He was a missionary of sincerity, of equality, of practical godliness.

Namadeva was the son of Damaji or Dama-setti, a tailor or trader of Pandaripura. He was an ardent devotee of Vishnu, very particular in his observances of pious life. Long childless, Damaji and his wife Guna Bai prayed to Lord Panduranga to add to His miracles by making the gift of a child to bless their old age. The Lord responded favourably through the usual channel of a vision; and the next day they came across a pearl-oyster floating towards them in the Chandrabhaga, and discovered in it a child, known in later days as Saint Namadeva.

Tradition attributes this event to Saka 1192 or A. D. 1270, and places the death of the saint in 1350. But there are grave doubts as to the genuineness of this date. The very legend that Namadeva was born in a *sipi* or oyster is evidently the product of the corruption of the term *Shinbi* by which the tailor community is generally known. Similarly, the date of the saint has been mutilated by the enthusiasm of orthodoxy. We shall presently see that traditions connect Namadeva very closely with Saint Gnanadeva, the author of the *Gnanesvari*, who lived in the last years of the Yadava rule at Devagiri, who in fact died a few years before Allauddin's invasion. The tradition of 1270 A. D. seems to have risen out of this alleged connection. The Mahratti

language of Namadeva belongs to a distinctly later period. He uses a large number of Persian and Arabic words which can be explained only on the ground of his having lived in an age when Muhammadanism had planted itself firmly and for a long time in the land. He was acquainted with Hindi and, in fact, composed a number of *padas* in that language, and this could have been the case only if he had lived considerably later than the well-ascertained time of Gnanadeva. Above all, Namadeva met a number of saints who distinctly belonged to the fifteenth century, even though the very orthodox biography which places him in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries ignorantly and inconsistently makes him meet persons like Kabirdas, Tulasidas and others who lived even later. The connection of Namadeva with Gnanadeva seems to have risen out of the desire of orthodox biographers to make him an equal, if not superior, to that saint, and to depict the superiority of the illiterate *bhakti* of the tailor-saint to the learned wisdom of Gnanadeva. A large number of episodes in Namadeva's life indicate a deep anti-Brahminical bias which could have been entertained only by men who regarded themselves as divinely commissioned to magnify the un-Brahmanical and cosmopolitan features in Namadeva's teachings and ignoring or belittling his own conservative leanings. Some scholars take it that the Gnanadeva of Namadeva's time was different from the author of the *Gnanesvari* and was a man of the *Manbhava* sect; but the orthodox biographers are aware of no such distinction. We have to conclude that Namadeva belonged to the fifteenth century, and was probably an elder contemporary of Mira Bai, and that Kabir, Nanak and Tulasidas were distinctly later. Kabir refers to him and praises him; and the *abhangas* of Namadeva have been included, though not in entirety, in the *Adigrantha* of the Sikhs.

Namadeva, even as a child, chose the cymbals of the Bhagavatas for his toys, and the singing of *Kirtanas* for his amusements; for he was an *amsa* of God Himself. He neglected his studies; for his thoughts always fled to God. He was not a yogin. He had no learning or experience. But he had the resignation of asceticism by instinct; and a rare fellow-feeling, a sense of equality with all living things. Above all, he imprisoned Vithoba in the cage of his heart, and never forgot Him. The story goes that, when Namadeva was a boy, he was once asked by his father, who was going to a neighbouring village, to go to the temple and make the usual offering to the deity. The simple youth, on seeing that the food placed before the image was not eaten by the latter, as he had expected it in his innocence, believed that God was unkind to him and so threatened to give up his life. The Lord thereupon, we are told, appeared before him, ate the offering, and then

disappeared into the image. The parents of Namadeva were surprised that the boy had not brought home the holy offering, and when he said that Panduranga had taken it they were of course sceptical; but the next day Damaji had the whole episode repeated in his presence and, what was more, had a vision of the God Himself through his child!

From this time, Namadeva came to be reputed as a divine youth. He used to sojourn in the temple itself and, as rumour said, had the blessing of direct physical acquaintance with Vithoba who, for his part, condescended to be a human personality for the sake of his *Bhakta*. Free from the cares of the world following the subjection to *Rajo-guna*, Namadeva spent every moment of his time in singing the glory of God, in constant repetition of His names, and in doing service in the temple. The idea of heaven in his mind was only the remembrance of God every moment of his life.

And so, when Damaji brought about Namadeva's marriage with Radha Bai, the resignation in Namadeva found the new contact with the world irksome to him,—particularly because Radha Bai was a worldly-minded woman who did not sympathise with his 'imbecile neglect' of his worldly duties. It was not that she did not care anything about spiritual fervour; but her eyes naturally sparkled with excitement and anger when she saw herself and her child neglected. It was little consolation to her that, while she was miserably poor and neglected, there were tales to the effect that Lord Vithoba Himself was her husband's companion, talked to him, walked with him, and treated him like his favourite. It is true that, in response to invitation, Vithoba attended, like a human being, the naming ceremony of Namadeva's child, christened him Narayana, and 'endowed' some gifts on the occasion; but Radha Bai's subsequent experiences of poverty and neglect irritated and teased her mind into animated tirade against the Lord's 'criminal injustice'. Her mother-in-law Guna Bai was equally annoyed. She was tired of begging while her son was criminally 'wasting his time'. Going to the temple, she abused Panduranga in words which by no means lacked severity and fire. Panduranga disclaimed all responsibility in the matter. He reminded her of Namadeva's being His own gift and *amsa*. *He* was not to blame if Namadeva regarded the world as an illusion. She was miserable because she had expected what she had no reason to expect. Namadeva was not really her son! This argument made the situation worse. The wronged mother bitterly accused Him of injustice. And the Lord, moved by her grief, handed over the 'erring' son to her to be taken home!

Meanwhile, an accident had happened in that home itself. Under the guise of a Dharmasetti of Vaikunthapuram and the

pretence of past friendship to Namadeva, the Lord visited Namadeva's residence, gratified Radha Bai by his magnificent gifts, and vanished! Believing that they were gifts of a real friend of her husband, Radha Bai was transported to the realm of joy.

So, when Namadeva returned home with his mother and found the new wealth, he came to understand the Lord's condescension, but was by no means satisfied with the position. He was disgusted with the world, and felt unhappy and out of his natural element. A story is usually given at this stage to indicate it. Namadeva went out, at the importunities of his people, to deal in clothes; but he returned home without doing any business and without his original stock. Seeing some stone fragments of a peculiar lustre in a wayside field, he regarded them as divine, and covered them with his stock to protect them from cold! Selecting one big piece, he called it Gundoba and the purchaser of his clothes, got from 'him' for security another piece which he called Dandoba, and took the latter 'security' home! His wife and mother naturally accused him of lunacy, but he surprised them by transforming the stone into a lump of gold! A dispute then arose about this new wealth. Namadeva wanted to give it away to the poor; but just at this stage the owner of the field where the stones had been found claimed the lump of gold, paid the price of the clothes, and took the bullion away, but on going home found it transformed into a piece of stone!

Another episode is to this effect: A local philosopher, Parisha Bhagavata by name, had obtained, by propitiating Rukmini, a philosopher's stone which could convert iron into gold. Parisha's wife gave the stone to her friend Radha Bai one day. The latter showed it to her husband, and lectured to him on the comparative sterility of his *bhakti*. Namadeva threw the stone into the river. Next day, Parisha Bhagavata came to know everything, and Namadeva was belaboured for his action; but the saint simply showed the party the place where he had dropped the stone, and when they looked for it, they found not a single stone but a whole lot! The world realised how great and resigned was their hero!

Once, the relatives of Radha Bai came on a visit; but Namadeva, while so mindful of the company of, and hospitality to, Sadhus, whose very feet he humbly washed so that he could drink the water purified by their touch, neglected his wife's people; and when she rebuked him, he replied that they were more trouble than they were worth, and that, at all events, he was helpless as his heart was full to the brim with Rama's name! And soon the nature of his life gained a large following. Quite a good lot of the Pandarpur people gathered round him, and the saint was proud to repeat the passage that Nama had come, and the *hari-nama* had become cheap.

Years passed in this manner, till an event happened which introduced a new period in the saint's life. Saint Gnanadeva who had been impressed by his wisdom and teaching, and who had desired to go on pilgrimage with him as companion, came to Pandarpur, prayed to Lord Vithoba himself, and obtained his consent to part, with Namadeva. The two devotees are then said to have proceeded on a widespread tour. Wherever they went, their footsteps were marked by some signal achievements. Passing through Gujarat to Rajputana, they reached the desert of Marwar. Namadeva was dying of thirst, and the only well which they discovered had water at such a low depth that it was impossible to get it by ordinary means. Gnanadeva proposed to assume the form of a bird by his *Laghima siddhi* and bring the water up in his beak; but Namadeva proved superior to him. He simply and unsophistically prayed to Rukmini, and the level of the water rose miraculously to the surface! Gnanadeva was struck with wonder; and the well itself, says the *Namadevacharitra* with a rather shady knowledge of geography, is seen to-day at Kaladji, some ten miles off Bikanir. As water is dear to everybody in Marwar, says Namadeva in an *abhanga*, Rama is dear to him in his heart. The miracle was apparently coined on the basis of this simple *abhanga*.

Namadeva is then said to have visited all the shrines of Upper India in company with Gnanadeva. The orthodox traditions do not only describe his visits to Kasi, Delhi and other places, but make him meet and travel in the company of almost all saints known to history! They mention him in connection with Nivrtti, Sopan, Chokamela, Muktabai, Savita, Visoba Khechar and others. The two saints are said to have met Narsi Mehta at Junagarh; Kabir, Kamal and Mudgalacharya at Kasi; Tulsidas at Chitrakuta; Pippaji at Ayodhya; Nanak at a place in the Dakkan; and similarly Sen, Sajjan, Dadu, Goraknath, Matsyendranatha in other places. At Delhi Namadeva is said to have restored life to a cow which had died four days before, in the presence of the Sultan himself. At the end of the tour, we are told, Namadeva and his venerable friend reached Naganathapura. While engaged in performing *bhajana* in the temple, the saint became the centre of such a large congregation that the priests could not go into the innermost precincts of the temple in order to discharge their duties. They expressed indignation at the obstruction, and Namadeva thereupon proceeded to the western gate of the temple, and spent the night in his *bhajana*. The image of the temple itself then, we are told, turned of itself towards his side, to the great wonder of the people.

As has been already mentioned, most of these tales are apocryphal and anachronistic. They, however, are genuine in so far

as they indicate that Namadeva's North Indian tour had a deep significance in his life, and that, as the result of it, his life as a *bhakta* became complicated, and his literary style as well as mental outlook expanded far outside the scope of Maharashtra. In the first place, he became, if not an expert in Hindi, at least able to express himself in it in sufficient purity. A number of his *abhangas* are therefore in that language,. Secondly, he came to pick up and use a number of Persian and Arabic words. Thirdly, he became a more intensive inquirer and questioner. Seeing the comparative lack of respect to Brahmanism in the north, he imbibed the feeling that the respect to it was not an essential part of religion. Fourthly, Namadeva came to attach less importance to blind idol worship without reasoned devotion. The general condemnation of image-worship by the Muslims, the helplessness of the idols to save themselves from iconoclasm and humiliation, seems to have revolutionised his way of thought, and made him look more into the inner meaning of things. He began to stand out with an aggressive personality in questioning the orthodox attitude in the matter. Fifthly, Namadeva came to have a broader religious outlook, and see valuable features in Islamite monotheism, ethics and asceticism. Personal acquaintance with the preachings of men like Baba Farid Shakarganj of Pakpatan in Rajputana and of Nizamuddin Aulia at Delhi, had a profound influence on his outlook. In his *padas* he occasionally addresses Alla and aptheosises Fakirs.

On his return from his tour Namadeva was welcomed by Pandarinatha in the human manner he adopted towards the saint. When the Brahmanical feeding, usual at the end of a pilgrimage, was performed, for example, Vithoba and Rukmini are said to have served as cooks and servers, and subsequently eaten out of the very plate which Namadeva, a Sudra, used. The pharisaical guests are said to have expressed disgust at this, and complained of losing their caste: but they were silenced with the charge of hypocrisy which went home to them. On another occasion, the orthodox objected to the obstruction of the passage into the temple by upstart Bhagavatas and their low-caste followers, and talked of pollution; but Namadeva effectively replied in the form of six Hindi *abhangas* on the equality of men before God, and silenced them.

The *Namadevacharitra* gives at this stage another episode. A Brahman of Bidar invited Namadeva to perform *bhajana* in his house. The saint went there with a large army of 150 Bhagavatas. The Sultan mistook them for rebel troops, and sent General 'Kasi Pant' against them. He reported that they formed only a religious party. The Sultan ordered Namadeva to be arrested and prosecuted by the Kazis. The tyrant is represented

as having asked Namadeva to embrace Islam or rouse a butchered cow to life. An elephant, again, was sent to crush him to death; and Namadeva's mother went so far as to beg him to save himself by embracing Islam; but Namadeva was prepared to die. The Kazis suggested that gold of the weight of the saint might be exacted by way of the commutation of the sentence; but the Sultan would not go to hell by selling his faith. The saint eventually won the admiration of all by raising the dead cow to life. The *Bhaktamala* ascribes this persecution to the Delhi Sultan.

Another episode which is rather inconsistent in spirit with what has been said above, which in fact is more or less like an anti-climax, is narrated of the saint in this period of his life. Namadeva is said to have gone on a visit to Gnanadeva in his village, and been so self-forgetful as not to return the salutations of that venerable man as well as his brothers Nivrttinath, Sopan deva and others who were then present. Thereupon their sister, Mukta Bai, refused to bow before him, accused him of undue egotism and ignorance, and expressed no wonder at the fact as Namadeva had had no Guru to regularly initiate him in true knowledge. An appeal was made to the venerable potter-devotee, Gorabha Kumbhar, and he agreed with Mukta Bai's dictum. The legends say that Namadeva disagreed with them; that he saw no necessity for a Guru in consequence of his intimate relationship with Vithoba himself; that he had a dispute on this question with the deity of his heart; that the latter agreed with the public opinion and proved its correctness by a simple test. Vithoba maintained that Namadeva did not really know Him. The saint denied the fact. Vithoba thereupon challenged him, and asked him to discover His identity that day. Namadeva agreed, but could not recognize the Lord when, a little later, the Lord took the guise of a Pathan horseman and passed before him. Beaten in the contest, Namadeva agreed to go to a Guru, and the Lord himself is then said to have accompanied him to Guru Visoba as there could be no *mukti* without a Guru's intermediation.

The story goes that Namadeva first saw Visoba lying in a temple outside the village resting his feet on the image! Pained and surprised, Namadeva asked him how he could commit such a sacrilege, but Visoba retaliated by asking him to show the place where God did not exist. Namadeva was silenced, and quietly accepted his spiritual precept.

On completing his discipleship, Namadeva returned home. He was now a changed man. He who had been reputed for enjoying the personal companionship of God, who used to be with Him and talk to Him and walk with Him and eat out of His hands, was now seen to have become more human, more common with

the rest of mankind, and praised the necessity of a spirtual mediation through the teacher in order to truly know God. Namadeva became more philosophic. His temple was no longer the small narrow space on the Chandrabhaga, but the world. His God was not Vithoba or Rama or Krishna concretised, but the Omnipresent, the Omnipotent and Omnipenetrative Being who cannot be limited in any manner. His personal deity, Rama, was no longer Rama alone. When Namadeva said that he took only Rama as his God and would give other Gods as sacrifice to him, he meant much more than the worship of a personal deity. His very notion of work changed. He learnt to do his wordly duty, and still be a true devotee. He did the business of his father, and yet maintained a more fervid *bhakti*. He did everything needed by the world, but kept the mind on God. Lord Trilochana looks after man, he says, as a mother looks after a child. She may seem to be busy in domestic work, but her mind is always on the child. So Namadeva now taught to people the gospel that, in order to be a true *bhakta*, one need not be unworldly, The only article of faith, the only truth to be known by man, is that God can be found only through love.

Till the moment of his death in the ripe old age of eighty, Namadeva emphasised this gospel in his *abhangas*. And even today his tomb at Pandarpur, which is identified by some with a spot near the temple, and by others with one near his old house, is the goal of the pilgrimage of thousands who believe that he was a true servant of God and a loving well-wisher of man. His great monument is the *Namadeva-ghata* which contains all his *abhangas*, together with 110 Hindi *padas*, some of which have found their way into the Sikh Adigranth. Some of the *abhangas* are not genuine—especially those which record the interviews with various saints and high personages ; but it is easy to cull out the genuine from the spurious. This little essay can be best closed with a quotation from one of them: " The moment we remember God, he shall be near us. We shall forget our hunger and thirst in the pleasure of God's name. There is only one favour that we should ask of God: that we may always think of Him in our heart; that we may always utter His name by our mouth; that we may always see Him with our eyes ; that our hands may worship only Him ; that our head may be placed always at His feet ; that our ears may hear only of His glory ; that He may show Himself always to our right and left, before us and behind us, and at the end of our life. We should ask no other favour except this."

Planned Industrialisation for India

By B. GOVINDA RAO, M. A., B. L.

INDIA is surely taking to manufactures on modern lines and we have reached a stage in our economic growth when we can think of planning for our industries. Additional importance to the subject is given as the Indian National Congress, which at one time pinned its faith in rural, cottage type of industries, has taken up the question in right earnest. Memories of past prosperity, the rise of other nations to a position of eminence in industry and commerce, our comparative poverty and backwardness, have nerved our countrymen to a determination to work out our industrial salvation. They have also realised that the whole world around is armed with scientific processes of manufacture, enormous capital to back it, and high protective tariffs, and as such, there is urgent need for readjusting our economic life to the new environment and for undertaking industrial planning as an integral part of the general constructive programme of national reconstruction.

It is well-known that after the Treaty of Versailles, confused conditions demanded a strong leadership and that the conception of rationalization has crept into the terminology of organization of industries. During the last few years, the western world has come to know that there is something more in the Russian Five Year plans than a mere manifestation of Bolshevik doctrine. Planning in our country should stand for a political philosophy, should be a deliberate provision to correct major wastes, a process of controlling production, distribution and consumption, and ought to be a co-operative effort for securing maximum opportunities for satisfaction of the variety of wants of our population. Industrial planning must be national, not individualistic, not international. At the same time, violent revolution is to be avoided since improvement can be effected on the existing structure. In India, in spite of Industrialisation, agriculture, rural population and cottage industries will preponderate.

Rapid industrialisation and planned industry are necessary and desirable, as they will raise the standard of life, per capita income and the taxable capacity of the people, relieve unemployment, give scope for diversity of occupation for the educated middle and labour classes, mitigate the evils of famines and mass discontent, avoid overcrowding in agriculture and give a fillip to it, increase national dividend and bring a stable national economy to a large extent. The steps being taken in the present century by the Central and Provincial Governments in the matter of

developing the resources and industries are commendable, though short of the expectations of our countrymen. The technical, research, commercial and marketing departments already working will be of immense use in our industrial planning. There are great potentialities for planned industrialisation, owing to the existence of immense natural reasources—animal, mineral, vegetable—power supplies, technical experts, capable businessmen, a large army of workers and wide markets. It has to be admitted that foreign capital has done service to our industrial development and that admission of it on certain conditions will be helpful, though difficulties are likely to arise owing to the commercial discrimination contemplated under the proposed Federal scheme. Indigenous capital can be coaxed to come out by affording better banking and credit facilities and by convincing the investing public that the Government has a hand in the industries.

The National Planning Committee divides industries into three classes—the cottage, medium-sized and heavy industries. As regards the first, the position is clear, because the Provincial Governments are rendering aid and the village Industries' Association is attempting to reorganise and coordinate the various types. These get their proper place in planning and will be helped by mother industries. Medium-sized units are proposed to be left to private enterprise and the Government will give them the needed support. The heavy industries, which are the backbone of national economy, are to be in the hands of the State as far as possible. But some of these at least can be launched upon now, with the aid of provincial revenues and public capital. Key or pivotal industries may be both medium-sized and heavy, and they make other industries run well.

It must be noted that in this great effort at industrial planning, we should guard ourselves against the temptation of a reckless drive for self-sufficiency, as it will prove injurious even to a country like ours having varied resources. The question of localization of industries is important. A careful selection of centres of industrial activity has to be made; there should be lessening of concentration of industries in particular areas. Old ideas about localization are changing and their value varies with reference to different industries. Some important industries in India like cotton, jute, paper, sugar and cement are flourishing at various centres. What will happen to these when full planning is effected? Very successful concerns of All-India importance like the Tata Iron and Steel Company at Jamshedpur should be left to evolve out their own destiny, though the promoters of planning have to control them in certain respects. The tobacco and match manufacturing concerns now in the hands of foreigners are to be rigorously controlled or taken over by the National

Committee. One is gratified to note that States like those of Mysore, Bhavanagar, Nizam, and Baroda are willing to co-operate with the work of the Congress Committee. The rubber industry of Travancore should be linked up with the proposed automobile concern at Bombay for supply of rubber parts to effect economies. Certain activities now undertaken by bodies like the Indian Sugar Mills and Cement Marketing Associations require to be transferred to or managed by the Planning Organisation, so that overlapping may be avoided, equitable distribution of industrial units effected, zoning defined, production regulated, prices controlled etc. Inter-provincial undertaking of an All-India character, disregarding of provincial boundaries, regulation of currency, tariff and railway freight policies are quite essential in any scheme of industrial planning. The Planning Committee may not be able to finish its labours within the short time before it. I suggest that it should get the co-operation of Provincial Advisory Committees to be set up on a permanent basis and that these are to be helped in turn by District Industrial Councils also to be created for doing spade work and to be composed of local economist technical industrial and commercial men. The Planning Commiitee should act as a liason between the Provincial Advisory Committees and the investing public on the one hand in provincial undertakings, and between these latter and the public on the one side and the Planning Commssion on the other in both provincial and All-India matters.

Industrial planning does not mean the exclusion of the consideration of planning in other spheres of economic activity, and in fact, planning must be comprehensive. Our leaders are trying to give greater precision and content to what might otherwise be dismissed as mere rhetoric. In this work, skilled collaboration of many minds is required and it cannot be a final and definite programme to be followed in all its details through changing years. In other words; industrial planning must be dynamic and should assist the nation to visualise the interrelations of the measures in one field with the line of advance along the whole path of our endeavour. Reasonable Standardisation of some articles of ordinary consumption can be effected, without any challenge to freedom. Industrial planning does not mean State Socialism or a regimentation of the life of the people, and its chief aim should be to protect the consumer from the danger of monopoly and vested interests. Outside the province of industrial organisation, planning involves the consideration of other factors in the economic life of the nation. National Industrial Planning must be a process of gradual development, though its urgency will not permit of long delay.

Nicholas Roerich

By BARNETT. D. CONLAN

(Continued from our previous issue)

THE tendency of all modern criticism and most modern art, as we have shown, is to decry the subject, to separate the aesthetic qualities of a work from its content, and to consider any work in which the subject is the main pretext as a third rate production.

A well known critic tells us:

"What painters have to do is not to convey sentiments about morals and religion but to create forms which have an emotional significance of their own."

That is exactly what Roerich has done. Not only had he no intention of making a moral or religious statement, but there is every reason to believe that he had not even the idea of announcing war!

It is evident that he arrived, at such a revelation by – 'the creation of forms which have an emotional significance', and not at all from a desire to illustrate a subject.

Were it possible to found a new school of painting, after this prophetic series, it might well be called the 'Apocalyptic School'.

Painting of this sort however, is inimitable and consequently could no more give rise to a school than the works of Blake.

It might be easier to imitate Renoir, Manet or Matisse, to adopt many of their methods and assume their pagan outlook than to follow in the footsteps of such visionaries as Roerich and Blake.

Renoir may be one of the greatest masters of the human figure since Titian but Roerich is certainly one of the most spiritual of masters since Leonardo and Blake.

Matisse who possesses a remarkable sense of the plastic tells us that 'We are born with the tastes and characteristics of our time. We are not masters of our work, rather is it imposed upon us'.

This is perhaps another way of saying that Pheidias has no choice between being Pheidias or El Greco.

If this is so with regard to what Matisse calls our 'sensibilite', our particular way of reacting to our surroundings, then why should not the same hold good with regard to the subject?

Pheidias and El Greco gave us images of their divinities, Renoir, Monet and Matisse – in fact, most of the moderns show, in

addition to a remarkable technique, the pagan satisfactions of the 'petit bourgeois'.

The one was probably as inevitable as the other.

Artists to-day assure us that Pheidias really cared little for the worship of Pallas Athene and was only concerned with the craftsman's point of view; that El Greco's real aspiration was not to praise the Holy Trinity but to create great dramas from the rhythmic alternations of light and shade—in short, that neither of these masters was very much interested in the nature of his subject.

There is no way of proving such a statement. They were born into the nature of their subject as historically as any modern is born into a period of 'genre' painting or still life. They certainly had the same intense feeling for the form of their divinities as Cezanne showed in his still-lifes, the only difference being that the moment in which Pheidias lived—the age of Salamis was god-like and that of Cezanne 'scientific'.

At that time the rigid separation of the aesthetic value of a work of Art from its subject had not yet set in, and it is a question if the whole process is not something of a surgical operation due to a general decay in plastic vision.

In France the movement began with Cezanne who showed that he could extract something far more vital and stimulating from an old hat and a clay pipe than David and his followers had done with a whole pantheon of classical divinities.

It is obvious that great painting of an indifferent subject such as Cezanne gave us in many a still life is of far more value than pompous histories worked out in an Art which eventually came to differ very little from coloured photography—the sort of thing that Poynter, Collins, and Alma Tadema perpetrated in England, Bougereau and a long line of academicians in France.

This reaction however has already done its work—at least in France. After all it was a reaction and a very necessary one, but if painting were to continue on the lines of the later cubists, and all interest in the subject were to be eliminated, Art would only be the poorer for it, and in the long run deprived of its raison d'etre.

El Greco who may have inspired Cezanne with much of his technique and who has taken by storm, most modern craftsmen, is now looked upon by the advance guard as 'the greatest of all painters'.

If he returned however, he would likely understand very little of the modern attitude to his work.

I doubt if he could have shared the exasperation of our leading English critic who tells us that 'Subject is the only thing in

a picture which nine thousand nine hundred and ninety nine people out of ten thousand can understand at all'.

It is not certain whether there was such a distinction in his time, and there is every reason to think that he was as interested in the nature of the subject as in his treatment of it.

Greco had a profound knowledge of the philosophical and theological ideas of his age; he is said to have possessed a very important library and everything goes to show that his view of the subject was anything but that of an artisan.

The stress laid upon the 'artisan' element in painting, since the time of Renoir and Cezanne, upon the nature of Craftsmanship, on what the French call 'metier' has led many artists to the belief that the subject is something extra-pictorial, something extraneous and foreign to a work of art.

In music we shall find the same outlook. Stravinsky turns away from the ultra musical elements in Scriabin, his theosophy, for instance, as something harmful and foreign to Art, and this attitude, like that of the painters, has had the effect of making the artist concentrate on his craft.

When everything has been said, however, from this standpoint, there still remains the fact that painting, like poetry and music, is a language, a means of communication and even if we could confine it to the pattern on a Persian carpet, an arabesque or a carved figure with no associations it would have to convey through pattern, form and colour some particular phase of what Matisse calls 'la sensibility de l'epoque.'

This is much easier with a subject than with pure decoration.

Most modern artists even when, for aesthetic reasons they steer clear of direct representation do not care to ignore the subject and the most spiritual among the moderns Gaugin and Van Gogh refused to do so.

Almost every modern painter has some special atmosphere, some particular phase of life which, for temperamental reasons, he prefers to any other and to mention the names of such painters as Renoir, Cezanne, Seurat, Monet, Gaugin, Van Gogh, Matisse, Bonnard, Picasso, Derain, is to call up almost similar variety on subjects.

Some of these masters seem to have had very little imagination.

Cezanne, for instance, was often glad to get his inspiration out of a catalogue or from other painters.

Turner and Roerich however, are so richly endowed with imagination that they can give us a vast panoramic view of life, an epic in painting.

For this very reason they are considered by many present day craftsmen and critics as ultra pictorial and illustrators

perhaps, of some literary or poetic vision of life, rathr than pure painters.

Merely from the technical standpoint however, Turner in some directions may be said to have done as much for modern painting as Cezanne. He may not have laid the foundations of a new order like the Master of Aix, but his tremendous pioneer work in the rendering of light and atmosphere helped to create Impressionism and all those movements that led to modern painting.

He was something more than a mere craftsman however, for he had the imagination of a great poet and his immense epic of land and sea which ran into some twenty thousand paintings and drawings has a depth and grandeur that sets him by the side of Shakespeare.

This is an element which many of the modern and more unimaginative painters cannot forgive. To them Turner is an illustrator.

With Roerich the case is somewhat different. There is obviously less of the literary or poetic appeal in him than in Turner. His mountain fortresses and citadels are not particularly romantic or sentimental, we see them for what they are, for what his painting has made of them, and, in the great majority of cases, his pictures, like those of Gauguin or Cezanne appeal to our plastic sense, to our delight in colour rather than to our interest in what they represent.

There are, however, quite a number of works which attract us by the nature of the subject, by the legend or mythological episode which they convey.

The same sort of thing however is to be found in all great painting, and it is difficult to find compositions of any considerable size in which either the subject or the plastic element does not predominate.

Ruskin, writing on this aspect of Art, almost a century ago, and, of course from quite a different approach than that of today says:— " The style is greater or less in exact proportion to the nobleness of the interests and passions involved in the subject."

To the modern critic who has got rid of all those extraneous elements which a moralist like Ruskin required in order to clinch his dogmas such a statement now seems obsolete, it has the ring of the 19th century ecclesiastic about it.

But Ruskin goes on to say :— " In nine cases out of ten, the so called historical or high art painter is a person infinitely inferior to the painter of flowers or still life ".

Here he shows himself well aware of the modern attitude and, almost half a century before Cezanne, he lays stress on the artisan qualities in Art, its aesthetic values.

Provided the painter be sincere however, Ruskin's first statement is well worth attention.

If one goes deep enough into the question of the subject and its influence on art it all comes to a question of mythology.

Science has changed our sense of values; it has revealed the whole universe in a drop of water and made us feel the glory of light reflected from a door.

A still-life of Cezanne shows us the monumental grandeur hitherto unsuspected in the common objects of every day life and our whole outlook has broken away from the values and conventions of the past.

There are reasons for believing that we are moving towards a fresh synthesis, a new mythology in which other values will go to build up the spiritual architecture of the future.

It is this which Roerich, in many ways in advance of his time, already senses.

The subjects which he paints are almost always sacred subjects. They are related to all the heroic thoughts and sacred places of the earth, through which he not only glances from some new angle into the Past, but looks forward to the Future.

Compared with most of the other painters of our time whose outlook is largely neo-pagan and materialistic, Roerich is pre-eminently a sacred painter.

Ruskin says: "The habitual choice of sacred subjects implies that the painter has a natural disposition to dwell on the highest thoughts of which humanity is capable; it constitutes him so far forth a painter of the highest order."

This is probably a view which the Future will come to adopt but from a totally different line of approach, in fact, so different as to appear new.

The religious attitude will have become mystical, the moral outlook scientific and the historic element will be in great part legendary or mythological.

When we come to compare Roerich's art with that of other well known painters of to-day we are obliged to admit that it belongs to a different line of development.

He cannot be judged according to the trend Art has taken in Paris during the last twenty-five years, for he has less need, perhaps, of successive revolutions in style.

In 1900 Prof. Cormon recognized that Roerich was in advance of the style of painting then prevailing in Paris when he said—'We shall learn from you.'

Unlike most artists of to-day Roerich has never looked upon Paris and its modern developments in art as an indispensable centre.

His attitude to all these new movements, which he seems to have appreciated at their real worth, has always been one of independence.

Much of the modern technique he has discovered for himself, and very wisely he has evolved a style of his own which owes little allegiance to contemporary methods, but conveys his peculiar vision of the world as no other could have done.

As a matter of fact Roerich does not belong to the Western developments of Art but to the Byzantine tradition.

This explains his independence with regard to the more recent movements.

Nearly all modern art is the result of a series of revolts against those academic conceptions into which the Greco-Roman traditions of the Renaissance finally degenerated.

Roerich's art however, derives from a tradition which goes beyond the Renaissance, and beyond Giotto, and one might almost say that this dispenses him from taking up the position of many modern painters towards the past.

For him the past is much more likely to be represented by Byzance and the Orient, in which we find no traces of the Greco-Roman cult or the anatomical drawing of the Renaissance.

Having once revolted against the petrified formula of the schools and created the organic style which he required, Roerich has had no further use for abrupt changes but has gone on gradually enlarging and simplifying his technique, his principal object being not so much to experiment as to construct.

There probably never was a period in which Art has had to undergo so many changes and to submit to so many new influences as that of the last fifty years.

From the time of Courbet and the realists until to-day, painting appears to be in a state of perpetual revolution absorbing and assimilating new ideas, constant changes in technique and a multitude of strange influences that surpass in number and variety anything of the kind since the Renaissance.

Chinese, Japanese, Indian, Persian, Cretan, Mohammedan, Mexican and Egyptian art together with Negro sculpture have all left their impress, so that with the exception of the few modern masters who have always known what they wanted, the world of Art, during the last twenty years, has had a striking resemblance to the political world!

It is perhaps significant that the latest of all these influences is that of Byzantine Art.

Henri Matisse may be considered as one of the greatest specialists among the modern masters. He has assimilated almost every one of these exotic trends, and, after a life-time of arduous technical research and immense experience we find him curiously enough drawing near to the Byzantine tradition.

Modern critics who are interested in such an approach have completely changed their attitude to Byzantine art. They admit that their knowledge, at the moment, is insufficient for them to go deeper into the question, but there is no longer the old tendency to look upon Byzantine work as something immature, stereotyped, relatively lifeless.

Blake, who was always a century or more in advance of everybody else, said that the Byzantine style had been given him through divine revelation—which it probably was.

In view of what Roerich has told us of the profound character of this art, and of the devoted attitude of the ikon painters these latest developments in Western technique are particularly interesting.

This makes Roerich's position all the more significant, all the more modern.

It is now known that the landscape element in Byzantine Art was derived from China, so that his return to mountain landscape is a sign that he belongs as much to the Orient as to the West.

The position of the younger artists in China to-day is somewhat similar to those of Europe. They are in revolt against the petrified traditions of the Past and, at the same time, under the necessity of assimilating a mass of modern influences and Western technique quite foreign to their genius.

The more conservative Chinese look upon these changes as undesirable and tell me that they can only lead to a hybrid form of Art. Here I think they are mistaken.

One of the most imposing things in Art is to notice how a great tradition overcomes all obstacles and innovations and, in the long run, allows nothing unworthy of it to impede its majestic flow.

The Chinese tradition in art is, by a long way, the most important that we know, and there is every reason to believe that it is strong enough to assimilate all that is foreign to its nature and, in course of time, move on towards the creation of New Beauty and a renaissance of Chinese painting.

In France we see the great tradition overcoming a multitude of heterogeneous elements, not to mention such incongruous influences as Cubism and Negro Sculpture, all of which fall into their

proper perspective as time goes on, and now appear to be nothing more than stimulants which may have helped to renovate the main stream of French art.

From watching the work of several of the leaders of modern Chinese painting I have the impression that when China has finally assimilated Western technique and returned to her main tradition, the resulting style may be nearer to that of Roerich than to anything in the West.

If the landscape painters of the Sung dynasty were to return and to begin work with our modern outlook and technique they would paint very much, I believe, like Roerich.

For Roerich, I could well imagine to be a reincarnation of one of those great Chinese masters—whether Ma Yuan, Li Lung Mien or Sia Kuie—I cannot say.

Like them he is a Master of the Mountains.

And this relation of his to Ancient China and to the China of the Future seems to me one of extra-ordinary interest.

(*To be continued*).

At the Lotus Feet

By DUNCAN GREENLESS, M. A. (Oxon.)

IN a village near to Rajagriha in Behar, long long ago, there lived a Brahman widow, but when I say " widow", you must not think of a sad-faced old lady with veil and long black dress. This widow, whose name was Kamala, the Lotus, was not sad at all. She had little reason to be sad, for she had never known her husband, who died when she was yet with her parents. She was a quiet lady, full of selfrespect, sedate and kindly in her own way, but holding in her secret heart a boundless pride of caste and race, which made her exceedingly attentive to the most particular of shastric injunctions. She observed all caste rules with the most meticulous anxiety, and would never even look at anyone until her ritual bath was over.

I have mentioned her care for the rules of her religion ; I must not forget to mention how eager she was in studying the philosophy and scriptures of that religion. She knew several of the great books by heart, even in those days when some of them had not yet been put in writing, and could explain to you the seven meanings of almost any verse in them. She had some memory of her previous births, and once greatly astonished her rather worldly father by speaking in some unknown tongue, and announcing that she was a princess in a land which had no rain and only a single river. Indeed, more than once her family doubted if she were altogether sane when she got into one of these strange moods, and only her exaggerated obedience to the rules of the Brahmanism of her day could reassure them that in the main she was sensible enough.

It chanced one day in the tropical heat of noon that as she was returning from her bath in the river near her home she saw a crowd of people sitting in a mango grove beside the path. The dictates of good manners would have made her leave them to their own business while she carefully went about hers, but somehow that day her mind prompted her to go and see what was happening.

She found they were seated under a huge tree round a youngish man in a ragged yellow robe,—or rather, it had been yellow once, but it was now a faded drab. Something made her look at that young man again, for his face was more than striking ; it was intoxicating in its power. She saw clearcut features, a long straight nose and strong chin, with eyes slightly oval, but with heavy drooping eyelids that wanted to veil the fire which burned

within them. Once he looked up as he spoke, and she was dazzled by the black flame shining deep therein ; it seemed to pierce her very soul, stripping bare a hundred of her own past lives. His voice was gentle and had deep thrilling tones that stirred in her a sleeping memory of some great Teacher she had known long before, in some distant land ; and his look was full of sympathy for human suffering, though lit with the joyous confidence of victory.

Those eyes, and that gentle vibrant voice, drew her almost against her will ; in a few moments she too was seated on the dry leaves that had fallen from the tree. The strong light shone through the foliage, and silhouetted it upon the ground. There was the soft twittering of a few birds overhead.

The Master was speaking of those birds, and presently said something on the foolishness of being too much attached to family life, as when birds' hearts break to find their little eggs stolen away, and the nest broken by mischievous boys. She was not very much interested in the subject, for she knew well how the scriptures preach renunciation of the world, and thought if this young Teacher had nothing original to say she might as well get home and prepare her dinner.

Her eyes began to wander to either side of her, and she noticed with distaste that the crowd was mostly made up of low-caste people and her closest neighbours were a barber and a washerman. She began to edge away a little, and to move back as with the idea of making her escape !

The Master glanced once at her as he spoke of those other things. And that look changed her whole life.

It was a look full of such loving understanding of her anxiety to preserve the great heritage of physical purity, wherewith she had been gifted : and yet it conveyed such a tender reproach to the student of Vedanta who had failed to realise the oneness of life, so that even at such a time she had a mind for such puerilities.

She was touched to the heart. She coloured deeply and looked down. Her fingers began to play with the dead twigs and leaves. She thought no more of her caste or of her waiting dinner.

In a little while the Master ended His address, and answered a few questions from a tall old man who sat next to Him. Then giving a graceful salute with folded hands He dismissed the crowd.

Kamala rose quietly, was about to move reluctantly away, but He called her to Him with a smile. " Mother, have you no questions you would like to ask of me ? " He said, with a little smile

of encouragement. Hardly knowing what she said, speaking from the unsounded depths of her own being, she faltered out, "Mahatma, how can I stand where you stand to-day? How can I too become the Buddha? I have no desire but this; help me to attain to your seat."

With a look of ineffable joy but in tones touched with a little sadness, He replied, "You shall indeed become the Buddha. But you have yet very far to go. Be firm in your desire, and full of courage. See the Enlightened One in all that lives, for Life itself shall be your teacher."

The words were hardly audible as she replied, "Beloved, Gracious One, let me stay with you and serve your followers." He laid His hand on her head in blesssing; "Of course, you shall stay, as long as you will". She prostrated and touched his feet while tears of joy began to flow.

So Kamala left her home, and became a servant of the hearers of the Buddha. It was the first of many hundreds of days when she had the great blessing of listening to his words. Although much of what he said escaped her understanding, she learned at least the equality of men and the simplicity of the Noble Path that leads to Peace. And in her lowly service in His household, and in the very sight of His divine face, she forgot all her childish pride of birth, and learned to see Spirit behind the the veils of matter in a way all her scripture learning had never taught to her.

As the years rolled on, she came to be honoured by most of those who gathered round the Teacher, and once in her hearing He spoke of her as destined in some far distant age to be a Buddha of Compassion for the gladdening of humanity.

He was always very gentle with her, and spoke with reverence as to His own Mother, because of her grey hairs and devotion to His followers. And when the time came, in her sixtieth year, He was Himself at her bedside as she entered the valley of the shadow. It was the memory of His peaceful words and His loving smile that went with her beyond the curtain men have named in their ignorance by the dread name of Death.

Sleep and Sleepless-Sleep

By SWAMI SIVANANDA

MAN works hard in the day time to get possession of desired objects. He is tossed about hither and thither by the two currents Rag-Dwesha So he gets tired. Nature takes him to her bosom at night to soothe his tired nerves and brain, to refresh him and to supply him with fresh energy and vigour to continue his activities again. She makes him go to sleep. Sleep is a physiological phenomenon by which the mind, the brain and all the organs take rest for some hours. During sleep the mind goes back to its source. There is manolaya or temporary absorption of the mind in its cause—the Avidya.

Vedantins make a deep study of sleep and draw conclusions about the all-blissful Atma, the silent witness of deep sleep state. The mind assumes a seedlike state in deep sleep. The Samskaras and Vasanas become latent. All vrittis subside. The mind that was working in the brain during waking state moves through sushumna nadi into the heart and rests on Atma. The Chaitanya or intelligence that is associated with the deep sleep state is Prajna. Karana Sarira or seedbody or Anandamaya Kosha or blissful sheath operates during deep sleep. The Jiva is very near to Atma. A thin veil of ignorance separates him from Atma, just as the thin veil that separates the husband from his wife. The husband rejoices as soon as his wife removes the veil. Even so the individual soul rejoices when the veil of ignorance is removed and when he comes face to face with Brahman. Mind, Prana, Indriyas and the body derive their power from the one silent witness of all minds. It is the soul that really moves the Indriyas, mind, body and Prakriti and works. So Atma is Sarva Karta (All-doer) and also Akarta (non-doer), Sarva Bhokta (All-enjoyer) and also abokhta (non-enjoyer.)

Sleep is nature's tonic for a healthy living. The more sound sleep one has, the more healthy one would be. Hours of sleep depend on your physical and mental capacity for resisting fatigue. Without a sufficiency of sleep, you will have no efficiency. The amount of sleep required varies with age, temperament and amount of work. According to old adage, there should be six hours sleep for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool. As age advances people require more sleep. Ten hours of sleep is necessary for a child. In old men above 60 years, six hours of sleep may be sufficient. Adults who work hard may sleep for

eight hours. Medical men and psychologists are paying more attention to the importance of sleep.

Sleep for six hours is quite sufficient for every individual. Go to bed at 10 p. m. and get up at 4 a. m. The old adage is "early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise". Napoleon Bonaparte believed in only four hours' sleep. Too much sleep makes a man dull and lethargic. What is required is quality of sleep. Even if you have a sound dreamless sleep for 1 or 2 hours, you will be perfectly refreshed. There is no use of rolling in the bed for hours together. Too much sleep causes premature decay and weakens the brain power.

Avoid going to bed late. When you sleep keep all the windows and doors of your-bed room well open. The more oxygen you inhale during your sleep, the more refreshed you will feel throughout the next day. Do not take drugs to get sleep. If you do not get sleep take a brisk walk in the open air for fifteen minutes and then go to bed. You will have refreshing sleep.

Digestion takes place slowly at night. Consequently you should take a light meal at night. Strong coffee or tea should not be taken at night. Sleep on the sides, especially on the right side. This helps to empty the stomach and allow the Surya Nadi or Pingala to flow. Food will be digested nicely if the solar nadi flows at night. Keep the same time daily for sleep. Wear loose clothing. Do not cover yourself with heavy blankets or clothings.

Relax the body and mind when you go to sleep. Repeat some prayers or sublime slokas of Gita or Upanishads before you go to bed. Roll the beads for ten minutes and meditate on the form of of the Lord and Divine attributes. Do not build castles in the air. Give up scheming and planning now. If you have ill-feeling against any one, forget it. Have pleasant thoughts.

Keeping wide awake throughout night is called vigil. You will derive incalculable benefits if you practise vigil on Vaikunta Ekadasi, Sivaratri and Gokulashtami, the birth day of Lord Krishna. You can practise vigil on every Ekadasi also. Complete fasting helps the control of sleep. Control of sleep by taking recourse to tea is not desirable. You will not gain spiritual strength as you depend upon an extraneous drug.

Half of your life is wasted in sleep. Those spiritual aspirants who want to do rigorous Sadhana should reduce the sleep gradually. They can get real rest from meditation. For three months reduce the sleep half an hour. Go to bed at 10-30 p. m. and get up at 4. During the next three months go to bed at 11 p. m. and get up at 4. a. m. Four hours' sleep will amply suffice. You

should not sleep in the day time. In course of time you should become a Gudakesa (conqueror of sleep) like Arjun and Lakshman, and rest in that all-blissful, sleepless sleep, the Nirvikalpa Samadhi of Yogins.

Even Jivanmuktas will sleep but they will not get dreams. They will have strong Brahma-Bhavana during sleep. When a man returns to waking consciousness from sleep he has no super-intuitional knowledge whereas a yogi has super-intuitional wisdom when he comes down from Samadhi. In sleep the Jiva is one with Prakriti, in Samadhi the Yogi or sage is one with Atman. This is the difference between sleep and Samadhi.

Sleepless sleep is Samadhi. Sleepless sleep is the goal of life. You can enjoy that sleepless state by destroying the egoism, desires and burning the Indriyas. In sleepless sleep you are one with the eternal Atman. In sleepless sleep you enjoy immortality, Supreme peace, eternal bliss and highest knowledge.

Ralph Hodgson

By G. N. SESHADRI, M. A.

RALPH Hodgson, a professor in Japan has published a slender collection of poems. The quality of his poems is so very precious that we wish he had written more. It is indeed unfortunate that real masters whose lips are touched with hallowed fire should count their syllables and be so niggardly of speech while poets of uncertain talents should find it so easy to be even on their wings. This is a phenomenon not easily explained and when Mathew Arnold tried to do so with reference to another reticent poet, Gray, he did not arrive at anything more definite than that the poet, never spoke out'. This is in fact a mere statement of the problem, by no means a solution.

In our own times we had A. E. Housman, another example of the silent poet, who had almost a congenital dislike of poetry which, however, was constantly breaking in. May be these poets were excessively fastidious in their tastes and disliked putting pen to paper except on rare occasions when the Muse troubled them with her importunities. In other words, they had only occasional flashes of inspiration. Whatever their reserve be due to, it is certain that they wrote rarely and equally certain that they all wrote genuine poetry.

Ralph Hodgson has the power that only born poets have, of making English sweet upon his tongue. Anyone, who doubts has only to read 'Time, you old gipsy Man' or 'Eva' to realize with a gentle shock that he is not reading but singing. They are good lyrics if only on this account and deserve to be classed along with those lyrics of rare charm and spontaneity that the Elizabethans wrote.

" Eva !" Each syllable
Light as a flower fell,
'Eva !' he whispered the
Wondering maid,
Soft as a bubble sung
Out of a linnet's lung
Soft and most silverly
'Eva !' he said.
Picture that orchard sprite
Eve with her body white
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger tips,
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering,
Eve with a berry
Halfway to her lips.

Note the softening liquid l's in the first two lines and the clever doubling of consonants in the fifth and sixth: could a temptor have used subtler arts to charm the ear of woman. And with what ease is the picture conjured up in the last two lines!

His songs are refreshingly simple offering a direct contrast to the more recondite beauties of T. S. Eliot and Edith Sitwell. Many of them like the 'Stupidity Street' and 'The Old Unhappy Bull' are so utterly simple that they can be read and enjoyed even by children. An old bull whose power and glory have vanished sees memories of brighter days stream before his eyes, now growing dim.

> Dreaming things: of days he spent
> With his mother gaunt and lean
> In the valley warm and green,
> Full of baby wonderment,
> Blinking out of silly eyes
> At a hundred mysteries.

In lines as simple as these are the glories of the bull recounted. Hodgson resembles more than any other living poet 'W. H. Davies'. the naivest of songsters. They are among the tribe of Herrick who seems to have infused his spirit into them. It is perhaps the most marvellous thing in poetry that words which we frequently use every day should assume in the hands of a poet a thrilling significance.

> Singing birds sweet
> Are sold in the shops
> Of Stupidity Street.

Prose, you say! No doubt the prose order remains unchanged and the words chosen are ordinary. There is, if you read carefully, rhythm and feeling. And when all is said 'both poetry and prose shed human tears not tears such as angels weep.'

For sheer verbal melody and subtle felicities of rhythm Ralph Hodgson is unsurpassed. Further, his poems are distinguished by great emotional force.

> 'A man came up, too loose of tongue
> And said no good to her,
> She did not blush as Saxons do
> Or turn upon the cur;
> She fawned and whined "Sweet gentleman,
> A penny for three ties!"
> But oh, the den of wild things in
> The darkness of her eyes!'

With the minimum of words he has achieved a maximum of effect, both emotional and dramatic.

Ralph Hodgson is generally known by the 'Song of Honour' in which he adopts the perilous method of enumeration. Something very similar is done in Skylark where Shelley gives a series of fanciful and picturesque similes. In the hands of a lesser poet this method is sure to degenerate into a dull catalogue of details. But in Ralph Hodgson as in Shelley, the rhythm makes up for everything and succeeds in producing an impression of unity. The reader is borne onward by successive waves of rhythm that flow irresistibly. Take the song of Honour. As we read the poem the panorama of human life flits across our vision and we seem to hear 'the hymn of being rolled through every sound and soul till we come to the grand close and find ourselves crying with the poet 'Amen, Amen'.

An-Gossoon Sheoge

By The Rev. F. H. ALDHOUSE, M.A.

MASTER Horatio Hamilton Harris had been the star chorister in the Cathedral of the Sacred Thorn at Cloyne. Now his voice was breaking and, until it was once again in condition, it would be heard no more in hymn and chant. Wearing his purple cassock and the Elizabethan ruff about his neck, he was standing in the Bishop's study in the Palace. Dr. Brockley was speaking—"My dear child, I have watched your career since you joined our staff of singers. You were very little then. You were an orphan and I tried to be a second father to you. My own little boy William, my very heart, fate snatched from me. Now you are old enough to think of a career, what would you like to be? Anything that you are really fitted for and wish to succeed in I shall be happy to help you to. If you have already formed a wish in that matter tell it to me. If not, take time to consider, say a week, and then let me know."

Horatio, smiling, replied "You have been an angel to me, my lord, more than a father. I would not dare otherwise to ask what I am about to ask. But what I really wish with all my heart, if it be possible, is to be a magician like yourself. Grant me that, and I will do anything and bear anything to gain what I so ardently desire."

"It is true that I have some knowledge and, because of it, some power; and as both depend on Wisdom that is for the elect alone. I am a Magus" the Bishop agreed. "Are you, Horatio, one of those elect? If you are, I can help your feet along the path on which they are already planted. No-one can make you step up on to the Path but yourself. Are you, moreover, perfectly obedient, fearless, and willing to be silent? Think well before you answer, Alana." "You have always found me obedient, my lord, have you not?" Horatio queried. "I obey because I love you, as well as because it is my duty. As to the other qualifications, try me and prove me!"

"Very well," the Bishop agreed, "what is below that window? It is pitch dark now, you can see nothing. If it were light what would be there?" "Why, just your coach-house stable-yard with its cobble stone pavement" Horatio answered. "Exactly," said the Bishop, "now take off all your clothes and vault out of that window." Without a moment's hesitation H. H. H. cast aside his garments, went over and opened the casement, then jumped. No sickening thud followed, no cries of pain, only the

sound of a boy giggling and a rustling swishing noise. Horatio's voice, quite close to the window, tittered "O, it's tickling me so, I'm itching with it all over. O please give me your hand, my lord, I'm sinking down into it."

The Bishop went to the window. "You didn't know there was a load of hay for the horses there" he remarked. "Your fall was about three feet, not forty. Here, come in and dress. You are obedient and brave, and have passed the first test. Do you remember my talking to you about the Moon, when you said how beautiful it was, in this room lately?" "You said, my lord —I have always remembered your words—that in the twenty-eight phases of the Moon all possible human characters had their secret origin. You told me that a most rare book, *Speculum Angelorum et Hominum*, by Giraldus, had come into your possession; that Giraldus was setting forth the mystic teaching of Kusta Ben Luka which you had tested for yourself and found true." "Splendid!" Dr. Brockley agreed, "You are quite a promising young wizard. Anything else?" "You also said 'There is no past and no future, only an ever varying Present. That space is time and time space, and death and life are waking and sleeping; the cradle is a grave, and a grave is a cradle'." "You have the gist of it" Bishop Brockley said, "all you need, my lad, is to be shown how to apply your knowledge—first, to other knowledge, then to practical action. Do you know what these are?"

As the Bishop asked this question he took a small lacquered box of Eastern workmanship out of his brass-handled bureau and removing a silk bag shook out seven small rings. "You showed me these when I came here on my sixth birthday" Horatio H. Harris replied, "they are the seven metals corresponding to the seven planets which are known, and there are two, making nine in all, which are still in that bag." The Bishop produced the two rings and handed them all to H. H. H., "Yes, these correspond to the nine heavenly spheres. Fit them together, my lad." That the aspirant at once did, producing a small circular spheroid rather like a certain kind of top. "They revolve, make them do it," Dr. Brockley said. Here Horatio hesitated and after several half-hearted handlings gave up. "I can't, lord" he admitted. "Give it to me" the Bishop requested, and on the palm of his hand a spinning shining splendour whirled. It had the strange appearance of being not a real thing but the reflection of something else. "It is my time-machine; it is circling in a different dimension of space from the three dimensions of space we ordinarily apprehend. If I spoke the *Word of Power* the sound wave of the machine, its drowsy humming song, would be connected with us, and we two would be beyond time and space. We could either be on Mispec Moor or beyond on Amneran Heath or move

backward and forward in time-space here on earth. That is, if the machine is moving sinister we go back, if dexter, forward. We could contact the Past or the Future, as is commonly the language of mankind. Really we could go forward or back-ward over Time-Space which is one Continuum."

Horatio Hamilton Harris' eyes shone. "Could we contact the Fairy World, lord?" he eagerly inquired. "Easily, it is just before we reach Mispec Moor. The machine rises on my hand; instead of going sinister or dexter it revolves North and South. See, here we are, this is Moy Elga.,'

Two years had passed. Again Horatio H. H. was in the Bishop's study, a handsome lad of sixteen years. "My dear boy" the Bishop said, "you have gone on the gyre of the sixteenth phase of the Moon. Rabelais, Aretino, Paracelsus, are conspicuous examples of others who have gone that way. You know Then is Now, and There is Here, and you understand it is not the crazy nonsense it sounds like. You are a prentice magician. It is the hour of choice, you can be an adept of the Light or of the Darkness. Choose wisely and well, my son. Which will you serve?"

With a vehemence which made the strings of a harp in the room hum, the boy cried " Neither. I want to be amongst the Lordly ones in the Land of *Finvara* the King and Mave the Queen; No birth and no decay for me henceforth. Let the World of the Sorrowful Shadow hold me no more, I go to Tinnam-Beo, the Land-of-the-Living-Heart." "I have chosen this sad existence you renounced, in life and beyond life to lighten and comfort thru' all the tearful mystery of the years" the Bishop pensively answered him, "but it is for you to go your own way, my son," and touching him on the forehead he said *Udan Adan*.

What a change; a beautiful being, shining, and with a dragon fly's wings, with a crystal star above his head, immortal, joyous, eternally youthful, stood where the chorister had been. "Go, my dear child", the Bishop told him, "the dance-that-is-never-done awaits you. Go, alana, and have the joy you desire." But the fairy boy did not go. "I now wish only to stay with you, my more than father," he sobbed (but he shed no tears for that the Shee cannot do). "Your perfect unselfishness has ended my own selfishness. Let me be your good Fairy and play with you in and out of the shadows of Time." "I was sure that something like that would be your final choice, my dear" the Bishop cried joyfully. "The phases of the Moon are mighty but the spirit God has given us is mightier. Now I have one of the Shee to be my child and cheer me with his magic—unending boyhood." And a Bishop and a Fairy kissed each other.

Current Comments

BY AN OBSERVER

The Yoga System. In a discourse before the International Institute of Psychologists at Genoa in January 1939, M. Jean Herbert dwelt on the chief features of the Hindu Yoga system. The art of controlling and directing the mind, it was pointed out, has not been an intellectual study of metaphysics in India but a practical psychology of the direction of the mind or a goal. In such a system the Guru is indispensable. Neither in the Gnana-yoga, nor in the Bhakti, Carma or Raja yoga, can the service of a Guru be dispensed with. And a strict moral atmosphere too is regarded as a prime necessity, a starting point for all yoga-paths. Nor is yoga a special religion. It is left to a particular individual to choose the particular yoga in accordance with his mentality. To the philosophical-minded the *Gnana yoga* might appeal. To the emotional, on the other hand. the Bhakti yoga will be more congenial. Yoga is therefore more a technique than a religion. And the yogin has no personal interest whether of money, fame or power. His sole desire is the projection from himself of the light and grace by which one can know the Great Master.

Sanskrit study and its origin. In a valuable sermon delivered recently the Jagadguru of the Kanchi Kamakotipeetha gave a peculiar analysis of the nature and significance of the Sanskrit studies as can be inferred from the Puranas and the Tantras. Lord Nataraja, he said, performed at dusk the holy dance, keeping time with his *damaruka*. From this divine sound sprang up the 14 Sutras commencing with अ, इ, उण. With this data Panini compiled the *Vyakarana-sutras*. From this Vararuchi made his quotations. The same is styled the *Patanjali-bhashya*, which alone of all the *bhashyas*, is called *Maha-bhashya*; for it is *vyakarana* that is the mark of the divine language of Sanskrit. The other tongues are human; but Sanskrit 'divine'. The Svami then referred in this connection to Ramabhadra Dikshita's *Patanjalihrdya* in order to show that Lord Siva danced inside the heart of Vishnu, and he pointed out that there was the concretisation of this idea in the Tyagaraja temple at Tiruvarur. This temple, he claimed, is built in the form of Vishnu. In the heart of this Vishnu, as the result of the evening meditation, is the dancing murti of Siva consecrated. The serpent, which is the bed of Vishnu, becomes the ornament of Siva. This dance is of diverse kinds, like the *tandava*, the *hamsa*, the *aja-patha*. etc. The last was the type adopted by the Lord at Tiruvarur, the spot where meditation also is not *uttered* but ever *present*. The Adisesha is

none else, concluded the Svami, than the Patanjali of Mahabhashya fame. Gathering around him one thousand disciples he taught them with his one thousand serpent-heads behind a screen.

Dr. Filchner. The news that Von Hitler has honoured Dr. Filchner with one of the prizes instituted in Germany in place of the Nobel ones, is bound to be welcomed and rejoiced at by the world of scholars and explorers. Born in 1877 at Munich, Dr. Filchner first came to prominence as the explorer of the Pamir in 1900. He rode over the roof of the world almost alone. In 1903—5 he headed an expedition of research in China and Tibet, on which occasion he journeyed from Shangai to Srinagar, explored the Hoangho lakes, and investigated North-east Tibet, and gave a detailed account of these in a special publication consisting of several valuable maps and volumes on the botany, zoology and other features. A special treatise called the *Tachung-Kue in the Central Republic* was also published by Dr. Filchner at this time on Chinese culture. Dr. Filchner then served in the Land and Triginometrical Survey of Prussia and in the Prussian General Staff. In 1910 he led a Polar Expedition, and this was followed by the Antarctic expedition in which important discoveries were made. When the war broke out in 1914 Filchner served as Captain both in the eastern and western fronts. On the conclusion of the war, he resumed his scholarly labours, and signalised it by his book 'Storm over Asia' (1918). In 1926—7 he resumed his explorations in Central Asia, China and Tibet, spending some period in local monasteries on account of illness. Once he and his two companions, the Australian Mathewsen and the American Plymire, were prisoners under the Tibetans. The great explorer was saved by the Viceroy of India, and the close of 1927—8 saw his re-crossing the Himalayas and the completion of the researches on the physical geography of a very wide and inaccessible region. It was at this time that he published his well-known treatises *Om Mane padme hum* on the Tibetan people and religion, and the *Kumbum Dschamba Ling* on Lamaism. Filchner's treatises are epics of personal sacrifice and adventure in the most diverse conditions of physical hardship and danger; and the result is that the cause of ethnological lore has reasons to be eternally grateful to him.

Prehistoric Studies in Kashmir and Burma. An expedition was recently sent by the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia and Harvard University to investigate the geological conditions of the human origins in Burma. Dr. De Terra, the leader of the expedition, had conducted similar investigations in Kashmir and Sewalik hills in 1935. These investigations showed that the Kashmir Himalayas and the adjoining hills had four major

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ice deluges just like the Alps. The oldest prehistoric human records available are believed to belong to the second glacial advance. The men of the period belonged to the Paleolithic culture, and their remains have been found in the Soan valley near Rawilpindi. The Kashmir valley was in this second interglacial epoch still under a great inland lake. Dr. De Terra also found relics of the third glacial period. Stone tools were discovered in the Potwar in N. W. Panjab underneath the later layers of river and wind-blown formations. These records are the earliest evidences of man in India, and they supplement those found in the Narmada valley and Madras Presidency which are rich in pleistocene deposits. The ice age and the pre-history of man in Burma are expected to be considerably elucidated by the examination of the Burmese fossils and lithic cultural data. Says Dr. De Terra :

> One of the major objects of this study is to connect and correlate the geological and archaeological records of early man with those found in India and Java. In order to realise this aim, the expedition will proceed from Burma towards the end of March to Java where similar researches are now being carried out under the auspices of the Carnegie Institutions of Washington. It is hoped that this correlation will throw a new light on the story of early man and clarify our conceptions about human origins in Asia.

The Hawaii Institute and Oriental Culture. The University of Hawaii, which is the proudest of the American institutions for the promotion of human cultural understandings, has taken a right step for the acquisition of Indian collaboration in its work. The University is the pride and glory of Polynesia, and the outcome of the best type of American idealism. It is the meeting-place of number of cultures, the mutual interaction of which is bound to produce a pan-pacific civilization. Founded in 1907, it has, under President Dr. D. L. Crawford, devoted considerable attention to the Pacific anthropology, history and cultural crossings and synthesis. Of the 675 American Universities it is about 138th in its strength and equipment. It has 250 faculties, 2500 students of all nationalities, a library of 41000 volumes, and an annual expenditure of one million dollars. It is cosmopolitan in its personnel and its ideals ; and in its Oriental Institute, started in 1935, it possesses an institutions to which India can substantially contribute if there is opportunity ; and it is indeed gratifying to note that under its director, Mr. N. Sinclair, who is an ardent advocate of the *entente cordiale* between the east and west, some active steps are being taken for Indian participation in its activities.

The Tantra Literature in Bengal. In a recent number of the *New Indian Antiquary*, Dr. S. K. De draws attention to the unexplored Tantric literature of post-Mahayana Buddhism in Bengal

in the age of the Palas. The Bengali works were in Sanskrit, but they are available not in the original forms but only in Tibetan translations preserved in the *Bstan-hgyur*. Their themes are esoteric, and they are full of rituals and obscure symbolic formularies. The Pala period was, we understand from Taranath, rich in Mantra-vajracharyas or magicians and Siddhas, who could perform miraculous feats. Dr. De suggests that this voluminous Tantra literature must have been particularly produced in the monasteries of Nalanda and Vikramasila, which are definitely known to have existed in Magadha, and in Jagaddala, Sompuri and Pandubhumi which, he believes, were also somewhere or other in Bengal. Dr. De observes:

Many of these Vajrayanist writers and thumaturgic Siddhacarys of medieval cults, whether directly Buddhist or indirectly of Buddhistic origin. belonged undoubtedly to the east and most probably to Bengal in these centuries. Some of them travelled beyond Bengal and were so transformed into deified or legendary figures that all trace of their place of origin and activity was obliterated. Although the descriptions are often insufficient or obscure, the Tibetan sources sometimes definitely mention the locality of some of these works and authors; and of them alone we can be reasonably certain that they belonged to Bengal.

Revealing India's Past. A work of real authority on Indian civilization is announced by the India Society, London. More than a score of scholars are to participate in it, and, it is pleasant to note, Indian scholarship is not ignored in it as it usually is in English publications of a similar type. The book is to be a record of archaeological finds and lessons. The introduction is to be by Prof. M. Alfred Foucher of Sorborne, Paris, and the editing by Sir J. Cumming, Ex-Judge of the Calcutta High Court. There will be 27 sections. The first will be Sir John Marshall and on the work of the Archaeological Surveys.

Sir Auril Stein, the famous traveller and explorer of Central Asia, will write on Central Asia. Mr. N. G. Mazumdar, Superintendent of the Indian Museum, will write on prehistoric civilization of India, Prof. Dr. J. P. Vogel on the North-Western Frontier and Hellenic Civilisation, Mr. H. Lee Shuttleworth on Indian Tibet, Mr. Charles Duroiselle on Burma, Rao Bahadur K. N. Dikshit, Director-General of the Survey, on Conservation of Buddhist and Hindu ancient monuments of India, Khan Bahadur Zafar Hasan and Mr. Q. M. Moneer will write on the same subject in regard to Islamic monuments of Northern and Southern India.

There will be other sections such as epigraphy, museums, publications and archaeolgy in Indian States. Sir Gordon Hearne is expected to write a chapter on archaeology and the tourist.

Temples and Rural Development. It was a wise criticism which Dr. J. C. Kumarappa made recently at Tiruchendur in connection with the vandalism of modern temple-repairers. These have enthusiasm but no knowledge or taste. They are ignorant of artistic traditions, and, in their repairs and re-modellings, put up

structures which form jarring and vulgar contrasts to the more ancient and refined structures in the midst of which they are erected.

"I have visited many of the temples and seen the ugly structures that have been put up without any relation to the architecture of the temple itself. The modern belfray in the Trichinopoly rock temple and the concrete railings of the Srirangam temple are instances of the depths to which man can fall. In the Tiruchendur temple, the approaches have unsightly concrete pillars and corrugated iron sheets for roofs. These are alien to the spirit which guided the ancient in building the temples. It is also shocking to notice that the Mantapams of temples have been converted into shops for the sale of foreign goods".

Dr. Kumarappa also rightly drew attention to the failure of modern temples to support local industries and give employment to the local people as in earlier times. He suggested to the trustees the advisability of making researches as to the use of the raw materials available locally, and of teaching the people to make their living through some craft or industry. "It would be a good thing", he said, "if certain parts of the temples are reserved as museums, where articles of local manufacture can be exhibited and processes demonstrated to show how local raw materials can be converted into consumable goods".

Reviews

(By S. Vaidyanathan.)

The Gandhi Sutras by D. S. Sarma, M. A., Principal, Pachaiyappa's College, Madras. Published by the author. Price not mentioned.

Here is another substantial work from Mr. Sarma which deserves the warmest congratulations and which will be read by generations. What the author has done in this book of 152 pages is to collect the main tenets of what richly deserves to be called the Gandhian philosophy or Gandhism, and express them in the form of 108 aphorisms in Sanskrit. The book is in three chapters. The first chapter deals with the general principles, the second with Satyagraha and the third with Non-co-operation and Civil Disobedience. The aphorisms are in simple Sanskrit. An English rendering of every aphorism is given immediately below and then the explanation of it—not in the commentator's language as is the traditional way but in the words of Gandhiji himself. Mr. Sarma has, with amazing patience, culled out relevant parts from the Master's speeches and writings. The coherence with which cullings from different places appear in a continuous flow explaining one and the same aphorism is really admirable. One may, at first sight, feel that the title of the book is very ambitious, but Mr. Sarma does it fullest justice.

Gandhiji's main contribution to our social life is the spiritual fervour he has created among us. Even politics is to him part of religion—or he approaches politics too in a religious spirit. And yet there is a minority—microscopic though it be—which accuses Gandhiji of bringing irreligion or at least irreverance in our young men and women. A little reflection will show the absurdity of this accusation and will also show that Gandhiji is so charged only because he has the courage of his convictions and dares to live his faith. His essentially religious spirit can be seen in all his writings and speeches. The work of Mr. Sarma presents this aspect of the case in the most convincing manner. No rational person can say, after reading this work, that Gandhiji has no religion.

Yes, Gandhiji is undoubtedly an epoch-making personality. And this work of Mr. Sarma secures added importance because it is an able treatise in a peculiarly Indian form of an epoch-making, practical philosophy of an out and out idealist. We earnestly wish that some of these aphorisms will find a place in our text-books as do extracts from the Bible, the Gitanjali etc. Mr. Sarma will be remembered for the solid work he has done in thus producing a veritable scripture for the modern age.

The printing and get up of the book are excellent.

Cent per cent Swadeshi or The Economics of Village Industries. Navajeevan Press, Ahmedabad. Price Rs. 1—8—0.

This book is a collection, except for the first article, of the writings and speeches of Gandhiji and some others which appeared in the *Harijan* from time to time. The first section is devoted exclusively to Gandhiji and contains twenty-six contributions in the unmistakable, convincing, compelling language that is becoming dearer to us day by day. Mahatmaji's

case for the revival and encouragement of village industries is forceful, unanswerable. It will be out of date now to speak of Gandhiji's language. Suffice it to say for the present that here is something out of the heart that is bleeding for India's dumb millions.

The second section "Writings from others" contains contributions from the indefatigable Mahadev Desai (8 articles) and Pyarelal (1 article), Sjts. V. L. Mehta (3 articles), J. C. Kumarappa (2 articles) and Chandrashankar Shukla (3 articles). They support Gandhiji's main programme and, in some cases, answer criticisms and lastly expose the fallacy of the machine mania. They are characterised by the earnestness, thoroughness and sincerity that we have come to associate with these personalities.

The book as a whole is an eye opener to all thinking minds. It will, of course, be startling to those who are so loud about industrialization and raising the standard of living of the people; it is always disturbing to be forced out of conventional ruts of thought. But they will realise the truth of the Swadeshi and Village Industries Doctrine if they honestly think about it.

The printing and get up are good. The publishers deserve congratulations for bringing out a compact compilation of the scattered pieces bearing on one central, absorbing, urgent theme.

The Aryan Path (Peace number)—January 1939, 51, Esplanade Road, Bombay.

We had occasion to review, in our September issue, the special Hind Swaraj Number of the Aryan Path. The present one is a worthy successor to that Number and is, as its name indicates, devoted to the problem of peace. We commend the sense of propriety of the Editors in bringing out this number at a time when the world is panicky about its safety—let alone prosperity and progress.

The Number begins with a brilliant article from Sir Norman Angell. Sir Norman contends that the dictators cannot, by themselves, bring about war and that power, for whatever purpose, comes from *the people*. The dictators find it possible to foment war by persuading *the people* as a whole that war is necessary. So the remedy for war lies, not in caging the dictators, but in *persuading the people* that war was never necessary or even right and never could be. The people now follow a method of defence which, carried to its logical conclusions, makes any defence impossible. The people must be persuaded that to arm in any case is a blunder and that the law of the sword is a repudiation of the most fundamental ethics and right, whatever may be the cause for it. The wayout, then, consists in complete disarmament. The world has so long failed to find a solution for the conflict because, instead of focussing attention on the wrong, it has wasted most of its energy on the wrong-doer. Instead of telling the quarrelling parties that violence could not settle their disputes in any quarrel, the public in Britain and in Europe has been led off to a discussion of the merits of that particular dispute which engaged their attention at the time. Thus, in 1931 it was argued that perhaps there was a good deal to be said for the Japanese case, that the Chinese had been provocative, or in the Italian-Abyssinian matter that Abyssinians were after all a very savage people; or that in the case of Spain the Government had been guilty of atrocities. All this was really irrelevant to the main issue of European civilization. The real point was that the exercise of violence by the

stronger party to the dispute should, if possible, be prevented by the intervention of the Community of Nations protecting the weaker against the stronger. "The problem" Sir Norman concludes, "which confronts European civilization is to find the road by which (it may be slowly and bit by bit) force can be transferred from the litigants to the law, the law that there shall be no war. Public opinion must be made more and more insisttent on this point.

Sri J. C. Kumarappa follows up with an arresting article which shows that industrialization necessarily implies violence at every step. The socialist theory comes in for a reasoned criticism at the hands of Mr. Richard B. Gregg. The race question also engages a series of articles. The article "Women and Peace" by Stella Gibbons deserves to be studied and pondered over by every modern woman.

All the articles—and they present an imposing phalanx—are of a high order and deserve careful attention. But what strikes one as a whole is the nearer and nearer approach the authors make to the Gandhian ideal. What the Mahatma pronounced some years ago is coming to be scientifically and authoritatively stated by recognised personalities. This number is thus a treat in Peace Education and a tribute to the Master who represents India's genius through the ages.

Introduction to Sai Baba of Shirdi by B. V. Narasimha Swami. Published by the author. Price As. *2*.

Sri Narasimha Swami is a familiar author to the religiously inclined, especially after the publication of his life of Sri Ramana Maharshi. The book under review adds another to his list of publications. This 'introduction' gives a very brief sketch of a great saint who, perhaps, is not as widely known in our parts as his greatness entitles him to be. It is thus an opportune service that Swamiji has rendered to us in this book. After giving a brief sketch of Sri Sai Baba's life, Swamiji gives some aspects of his personality and then goes on to recount certain experiences of devotees, which compel belief in the godliness of the Saint. The language of the book is simple and the price, only nominal. The author reserves no rights and welcomes translation into all languages. A Malayalam translation is already in the press.

The Rural India, Vol. 1, No. 1 and No. 2. Edited by Sri Hari Shankar Dvivedi and published at the Servants of India Society's Home, Sandhurst Road, Bombay 4.

We have received the first and second numbers of the First Volume of "The Rural India", a magazine devoted exclusively to rural affairs, as its name implies, and published under the auspices of the Adarsh Seva Sangha of Gwalior We find as contributors the familiar names of veterans in the field like Gandhiji, Dr. Pattabhi, Prof. N. G. Ranga, Dr. Sarat Roy, Sjts. J. C. Kumarappa, G. K. Puranick and others The first two numbers are very promising, and if the magazine fulfils the hopes promised in the first two numbers, it will have rendered a very great service to the motherland. Indians have recognised for some years now that India's soul is in the villages, that regenerating India means regenerating her villages. It is therefore proper that this all-important subject should have an organ to ventilate ideas and focus public attention upon the problem. The Rural India thus fulfils a distinct purpose and has a bright and busy future. The problem is bewilderingly vast and calls forth the best in the Editor

and the most cordial co-operation from the public. We offer our very best wishes for the journal and pray that it may have a prosperous career of service to the country.

The Annual subscription of the journal is only Rs. 5. It is to be hoped that the renascent, active population of India will extend a generous co-operation to this spokesman of India's neglected millions.

Elementary Science. Books 1 & 2 by Mills and Menon—Macmillan and Co., Ltd., Patullo Road, Mount Road P. O., Madras—Price Re. 1 and As 10 respectively.

These two books form a complete set for General Science Study in Forms IV, V and VI. The treatment is not in an isolated manner as is usual in science texts, but in a genial manner. The treatment begins from the very beginning, assuming no previous study in the pupils. The language is simple and clear, and the authors may be congratulated for the fine way in which they have treated the various subjects. The attempt has been to arouse the observing and thinking faculties of young minds. Our schools will find it profitable to make use of these books.

The books are very neatly and attractively printed and got up, and contain a large number of pictures too.

Achievement by J. H. Mair, M. A. Published by Macmillan and Co. Price Re. 1.

" Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime "

This is given as the motto of the book and it contains, accordingly, brief sketches of many historical personalities not only of India but of the world in general. Along with such biographies which are 'achievements' of character, engineering and industrial 'achievements' also find a place in some chapters. The book as a whole is sure to be of very stimulating interest to young minds. There are attractive pictures also in the book.

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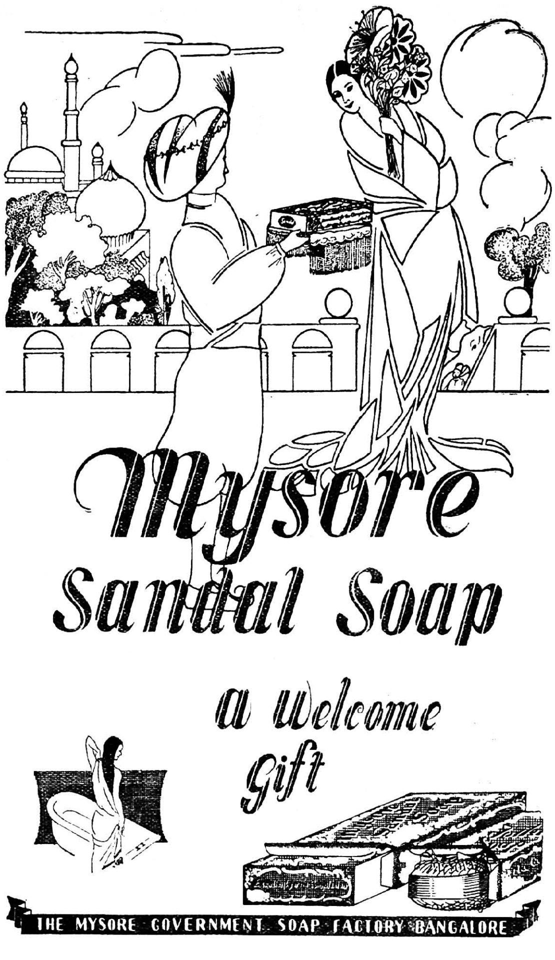
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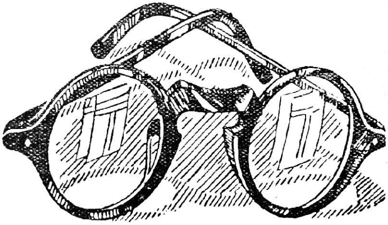

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